

Thomas The Tank Engine and Friends Season 5 Transcript

Cranky Bugs

Thomas and Percy enjoy working in the docks. They like to see the sound of the gulls. But one day the friends were feeling hot and bothered. A crane was causing trouble. His name is Cranky, and this was his first day at the docks. "Your useless little bugs," he called from above. "If you put these trucks on the inside lines then I wouldn't have so far to travel." "Rubbish," said Thomas. "We always arrange our trucks like this our no crane has ever complained before."

"Well, I'm complaining now." And Cranky banged his load down on the quayside.

Later the two engines met Gordon and James and told him about Cranky. "Cranes are airy, fairy things I need a lot of attention like me in fact," said Gordon.

"You should see the situation from Cranky's point of view," huffed James. "He's high up in the air coping with wind, rain and baking sun. Then he looks down and sees you two little engines being annoying. No wonder he called you bugs."

When Cranky heard that the big engines agreed with him, He grew bossier still

"Come on, come on push those trucks closer to me."

But Percy was too upset to concentrate and push the trucks too far. Poor Percy. Then Cranky played a trick on Thomas. "Push your trucks onto the outside line. It's easier for me to load up." So Thomas did, but Cranky left the loads beside the Trump's not in them.

"You must of known my arm can't reach you there."

complained Cranky. This mix up caused Confusion and Delay. The Fat Controller was most upset. "Thomas and Percy, this new crane has an important job to do. I have heard that you have not been helping him today. He will go to your sheds and consider how you will improve yourselves tomorrow." Now, Thomas and Percy were upset too.

That evening, a big storm raged across the island. Cranky and the big engines were trapped at the docks. "We're sure to be safe in this shed." said Duck. But he was wrong. The engines have no idea that they were about to be put in great danger by an old tramp steamer. It was out of control and running aground straight into the sheds. "AAAAHHHHHH!!!!!"

"HELP!" called the engines from inside the shed.

"I can't," called Cranky pathetically. When the storm was over The Fat Controller rushed to the scene of destruction, "Thomas and Percy will help you," He called to Cranky, "And then you can help the engines." "Oh please hurry," cried Cranky.

"And tell them I'm sorry I was rude to them." "So it was you," murmured The Fat Controller. "I owe those engines on apology." Thomas and Percy soon came to the rescue. And it wasn't too long before cranky was upright again and clearing the wreckage. At last only engines were free. "Oh, thank you," said Gordon. "What would I have done without you?"

"Well, I had to be rescued before I could help you. But I never thought it would be by a couple of BU BU..." Cranky was about to say bugs but he quickly corrected himself.

"Er small engines Thank you. I'll never be rude again. However, you too mites are in my way, so Move over." "PAH!" huffed Percy. "He's back to bugging us," "Don't move. You're still attached to Cranky." But it was too late. Cranky still looks down on the two little engines. But ever since that stormy night he never calls them bugs or mites, because he knows they may bite back.

Horrid Lorry

It was a busy time at the docks. All the engines were working hard pushing and pulling trucks about. One morning Percy was late, Cranky the Crane was quick to criticise.

"These ships can't be kept waiting they have important cargo, If they miss the tides they will be delayed and the docks you should look up to ships and show more respect. You are after all, only little." "We've got too much work," huffed Percy, "Then perhaps a lorry should do your job." Percy were shocked. He told the other engines what Cranky had said "Stuff and nonsense." snorted James. "We engines run this island," said Henry. "What if a lorry does arrive?"

I'm afraid it did, along with two more. Cranky was delighted.

"Hey you down there. Your job is done. Now these lorries are taking over One of them wants to talk to you." The lorry was very rude, "What's that steaming lump of scrap iron doing here? Be off with ya." "Scrap iron, Steaming Scrap iron?! PAH!" A little later Percy met up with Thomas and James, Another lorry was being rude to them. Then he saw Percy.

"Oh look, it's a little Green Goblin on wheels you will be scrapped. Just to wait and see."

"Well, Boss mind boiler what a horrid lorry," explained Thomas.

"Despicable," agreed James. The next engine to meet a lorry was Toby.

"Well, well well. No wonder this railway's in a mess you be longe in a museum not working in a quarry." I might look old, but I'm very useful, "Useful? PAH!" replied the lorry, "Just you toodle off." "Toodle" spluttered Toby. "Come along Toby." interrupted his driver. "Don't bother to argue with him. We'll go to the flourmill instead." But when they arrived at the flour mill, Toby was shocked to see yet another lorry. "What are you doing here?"

"We three are doing your work now, you're too slow."

The foreman spoke to Toby's driver. "I'm sorry. Times are changing. I'm afraid." "Toby might be old," replied his driver, "but he's reliable. "Come on, Toby. We'll go to the farms. They'll still use us." Toby trundled sadly away. His railway ran through a narrow gorge, but vehicles how to tackle a steep and dangerous road. When Toby arrived, he saw the lorry from the quarry again. It was loaded with rock. "That Lorry's in trouble. Thought Toby, And he was.

The driver was thrown clear, "Rotten roads." he muttered. The wrecked lorry was taken to the docks. Percy looked at the lorry. "What's this lump of steaming scrap iron?" he teased. "I'll be back." replied to Lorry. "So you can wipe the smile off your smoke box." "Pah!" said Percy and weeshed him loudly. Then Butch the Breakdown Vehicle arrived he was towing the lorry from the flour mill. "What happened?" asked Toby's driver? "He was overloaded with flour," came a apply "And he broke down." "Not very useful now are you?" said Toby, "GRR!" replied the lorries. Then James whistled excitedly. "They're bringing in the third lorry on a barge." "What happened to that one?" James asked. "Stupid lorry was reversing and fell straight into the sea," said the tow truck man.

Later, Thomas arrived, He looked at the three lorries and laughed. "Well, well, well the Brothers Grimm smashed, broken and sunk." The lorries didn't return and the engines now work even harder to make sure they never will.

A Better View for Gordon

Gordon was feeling grumpy. This was making James cross.

"Why are you complaining all the time?"

"Because I'm a big blue engine and I know everything I shall complain whenever I want. You're just a small red engine with ideas above your station." I can't see any," said Percy. "Where are they?" Any what?" "Ideas above the station. The sky is empty."

"Like your smoke box Percy,"

laughed James, but Gordon was still grumpy. "One day I'll show you just what a big engine can really do." "So what can a big engine really do?" "Not speak to silly little green engines for a start," replied Gordon and he puffed away. "Later that day, The Fat Controller came to see him.

"Gordon, you'll be making one stop today with an empty express to test on your station. You can make off time afterwards."

"Why can't Henry do it? He likes idling in stations."

"You will do as you are told,"

came a blunt reply. So Gordon did, but he was still unhappy and he grew sick too. "I just can't get up to speed," he moaned. "It's time for your visit to the works your pipes are clogged." said the fireman. At last they approached the new station. Gordon was impressed with his mood soon changed in front of him with a blank wall and huge buffers. "What a boring view." He grunted "Important engines like me should have a panoramic view, where I can see people and people can see me." And he weeshed angrily. Gordon was happy when it was time to leave.

"Now you really can enjoy your run as long as your pipes will let you." said this driver "Come on, come on. I can go faster than this. have gotten, Sick me never."

But Gordon began to feel more and more feeble. And soon he came to a complete stop. "What happened?" He explained. His driver and fireman inspected him. "Something's broken inside you Gordon," said his firemen. "Now you really will have to go to the works." Gordon was still fuming when James arrived to collect his coaches.

"Well, well, well, so much for knowing about everything you got to puffed up in your boiler, so it serves you right."

When Gordon returned from the works a few days later, he was still boasting. "I am the finest engine on the Island of Sodor, probably the finest in the world."

"Come on, Gordon. We're going to the official opening of the new station."

Then there was trouble. As Gordon approached the new station, neither the driver or fireman could apply his brakes. Something can jammed. The driver reduced steam but Gordon was still going too fast.

"Help me! please!"

"Well Gordon," said The Fat Controller,

"I knew you wanted a panoramic view, but this is not the way to achieve it."

"Yes sir, sorry, sir," muttered Gordon.

When Gordon was repaired again he took The Fat Controller to the new station. For a second official opening. This time he arrived safely and everyone clapped and cheered as he pulled in. The Fat Controller spoke to him. "Your panoramic view is here to stay. I trust you will always see through it from the safety of your own rails." Gordon heartily agreed.

Lady Hatt's Birthday Party

One summer's day Thomas and Percy were idling in the station when Bertie, the Bus arrived. "Have you noticed something?" said Bertie. "What sort of something?" asked Thomas? "The Fat Controller. He seems different," replied Bertie. "I did see him staring at the clouds this morning," said Percy. "I wonder why." The reason was simple. It was Lady Hatt's birthday and Sir Topham had a new outfit. "It's perfect for my birthday party." said his wife. "You looks splendid Topham dear."

"And I'll wear my finest hat just for you."

He replied.

"Your birthday is a great occasion."

"It is. So don't be late."

"Don't worry, my dear. I shall be spic and span and right on time".

Later that day The Fat Controller had changed into his new suit. "You look fine sir," said the stationmaster? "You'd best be going."

"Indeed." agreed The Fat Controller. "The engines are busy, I'll take car."

"Is it reliable?" asked The stationmaster "certainly," said The Fat Controller. But it wasn't.

As he sped along, he suddenly saw a large hole in the road. He braked hard, but it was too late.

"Bother, now I've got a puncture. If I change my wheel I'm sure to do it my suit and that would never do."

just that. He heard Caroline

"I have to attend my wife's birthday party and I cannot be late. Please give me a lift."

"I'll try sir." But Caroline didn't by going fast. "I'm hot. My engine will overheat." And it did. "Told you so," said Caroline sadly.

"Bother, Bother!" Then he heard a loud whistle. It was George the Steamroller. George was cross when he saw Caroline, "Call yourself a car? You're a disgrace to the road. Find yourself a scrapyard." Caroline spluttered in fury. George's driver was more polite. "Can I be of assistance, sir?" "Only if you can get me to my wife's birthday party," sighed The Fat Controller. "We can take you to Thomas replied the driver. He's just down the line." "Much obliged." And they rumbled away. "What about me?" wailed Caroline, "I'll send for help." called The Fat Controller, "Stay there." "That's all I can do." George was enjoying rolling along the lane, but not The Fat Controller. Oil splashed everywhere. Worse was to follow, "Help!" cried George, "Something snapped." He veered out of control and The Fat Controller landed in a muddy ditch close to where Thomas was taking on water. "Bother, Bother." Thomas had never seen The Fat Controller in such a mess. "Can I help you sir?" Asked Thomas' driver? "Yes please, get me to the station as fast as I can." "I'm afraid our fireman has been taken ill," "Then I'll be your fireman," sighed The Fat Controller, Thomas was excited. The Fat Controller had to work hard cold dust and smut flew everywhere. At last They reached the station. The Fat Controller looked at the clock "Just in time," he gasped. He hurriedly picked up a huge bunch of flowers. "Good luck." called Thomas.

The Fat Controller's wife was waiting for him. As the clock struck three there stood Sir Topham Hatt. Tired but triumphant. He gave his wife the flowers. "Well, thank you my dear. I knew this was a special birthday party, but I didn't know if this fancy dress." Everyone laughed, and then the party began.

James and the Trouble with Trees

Thomas the Tank Engine had been working in the coal yards all day. The little blue engine was covered in coal dust. "We can't clean you up tonight Thomas," said his driver. "There's a problem with the hose pipe." "Bother," said Thomas. "A bath would make me feel much better. The others are sure to say I look silly." But the engines were too busy arguing to notice Thomas, James was talking loudest of all.

"I deserve a new coat of paint. The Fat Controller says I'm the pride of the line and..."

"Rubbish," huffed Henry "We're all the pride of the line." "It's been like this all day," confided Percy to Thomas. "James is getting a new coat of paint and won't stop boasting about it." "Why James? I'm the one who needs a new coat. Look at me." "I'd rather not," retorted James, "You're not a pleasant sight and understand the needs of a really important engine."

Thomas was fuming. Next morning, as James was being repainted, Henry had an accident. If you can't push trucks properly, Henry, why not talk to a tree instead? You know how much you like the forest. As a matter of fact, bossy boiler. The Fat Controller is inspecting the island for trees that are too close to the line. He's worried they might cause trouble.

"Pah!" laughed James, "If I came upon a tree, I just push it aside."

"Really," replied Henry. Soon James was showing off his paper.

"Make way for an important engine."

"You wouldn't feel important if one of these trees crashed on you. You'd feel hurt" reproached Percy. "Rubbish, it wouldn't dare." "You should be careful James, trees can be just as powerful as engines" advised Terence.

"PAH!" snorted James.

"Now excuse me The Fat Controller needs me to pull the Express"

And he huffed away. But James was wrong

"You must go to the yards and collect an important goods train James, It's heavy so be careful." said The Fat Controller.

"But sir, I've just been repainted can't Thomas or Percy do it, there dirty and like working with trucks." "Really useful engines don't argue,"

So James didn't. By the time he arrived at the yards the weather had changed for the worse. "Your colour's nice James pity about your face though," said a truck.

James ignored them and set off. Soon, they came to a hill and his driver knew that they were in for a difficult time. An old tree close to the track was being blown by the strong winds and rain had weaken the slope. All of a sudden the tree moved,

"Ooh, Help!" cried James, "Go away."

But of course the tree couldn't. James tried to reverse away from the tree but his train was too heavy. Then he heard a whistle. "It's Thomas," called his driver. James felt embarrassed and worried that Thomas would laugh at him. But Thomas didn't. He knew that this was no time for teasing. "I'm ready." whistled Thomas. "So am I," James replied, "As ready as I'll ever be." They were just in time. Later James spoke to Thomas. "Percy and Terence would right to warn me." He said, "Thank you for rescuing me Thomas." "Oh, that's all right. We engines must pull together whatever the weather." Just then Edward bustled in. "The Fat Controller thinks you're both brave engines, Thomas, you're going to have a new coat of paint and James, The Fat Controller says that tomorrow you will pull a special Express." Everyone was very happy.

Gordon and the Gremlin

Early one morning, Gordon's fire would not light. "I don't know what's wrong," sighed the Firelighter. "There must be Gremlins about." "What are Gremlins?" asked Percy. "I've heard that a little green men who play tricks," replied Thomas. "Can we find one?" asked Percy. "Pah!" said James, "Gremlins don't exist. They're just an excuse when things go wrong that no one knows why."

"If Firelighter says there are Gremlins there are." insisted Thomas.

"Huh!" snorted James, The Fat Controller had heard everything.

"Silence." he said, "I am expecting a VIP a very important person today. She has heard that all my engines are really useful. Please prove it." "Yes, sir." They all said, "As long as the Gremlins let us." added Percy. "What Gremlins?" "The ones in Gordon's fire, sir. That's why he's not ready yet." "We'll see about that," thundered The Fat Controller, and he did. "Gordon, I expect you to be on the best behaviour today, you are to pull the very special coach from our special visitor. But no high speeds please she won't like that."

Gordon was proud and pleased. He was waiting for his special coach when Percy puffed him with some coal trucks. "What's the matter Gordon? your late" "Driver says there's Gremlins in the turntable," replied Gordon, "They must be everywhere," squeaked Percy. At last the turntable was mended, and Gordon puffed away with the special coach. He was soon working hard to make up for lost time. After he arrived at the station The Fat Controller became concerned, "Where's Thomas?" He wondered. "He's supposed to be bringing my visitor from the docks." "Huh." huffed Gordon, "Thomas isn't really useful if he's late." But it wasn't long before Thomas arrived. "I'm sorry. a cow strayed on the line and we had to wait for the farmer to take her away. But driver says your visitor is here safe and sound."

"Indeed she is." smiled The Fat Controller. "How nice to see." "Who is it?" whispered Percy. "I don't know," replied Thomas, "But The Fat Controller is certainly keen to please her. He's arranged a special party for her." "She's got a dog," said Percy. "A woof woof." "Come on Thomas." said driver, "You need a drink." "Pah." puffed Gordon. "Thomas is just a lazy little engine, The Fat Controller is expecting me to arrive on time. We're late because of Thomas." Gordon's driver decided to make up for lost time. Then there was trouble. "I think we'd better slow down. This is an old line and could make things uncomfortable for the VIP." And it did. She was taking a bath and the water was slopping about all over the place. "OOH!" She cried. Gordon was very relieved to reach his final destination where Thomas was waiting to collect The Fat Controller and his special visitor. He blew an extra long whistle. This frightened the visitor's dog so much that he fled from the station and ran into a field where a bull was grazing. The bull frightened the little dog even more. He ran back again onto the platform and over the bridge. He didn't stop until he jumped straight into Thomas's cab.

"A woof woof" But he had a wonderful ride all the way to the docks. "What's the dog's name," asked the fireman? "Well after today's events, I think I'll rename him Gremlin." The Fat Controller chuckled, "In that case I've met one at last. Ho, Ho, Ho,"

"Excuse me sir, but who is your very important visitor?" "Why didn't I tell you? This lady is my mother and she agrees with me. You are indeed really useful engines are my mother of course, is always right."

"A woof woof."

Bye George!

One day, George the steamroller was waiting for Percy to take him to a new workplace. George was being rude to Rheneas and Skarloey.

"You're just worn out wheels on worn out rails,"

"You need rocks for your roads," replied Skarloey "and we're helping you."

"I need to flatten little engines in the scrap yard."

retorted George. Then Percy arrived to take George away. He was still rebelling.

"Railways are no good. turn them into roads."

The little engines were pleased to see him go. "Rollers are rubbish so good riddance," they called. George grumbled all the way to the old branch line. He was going to turn it into a road.

When they arrived, George was rude again.

"Bumpy ride on rotten rails. I'm glad it's over."

"So am I." said Percy.

"Huh!" huffed George. Percy was still fuming when he met Thomas. "What's up, Percy?" "It's George. He makes me feel down," "Just ignore him." puffed Thomas.

George was now enjoying himself,

"Ripping up rails." he chortled, "What a life. What do you think is Thomas?" Thomas took no notice. George felt insulted. "You're a useless blue puffball." He shouted, but Thomas didn't hear.

"I'll show him who's boss." At last the workman reached the level crossing. "What shall we do here?" "Tear it up tarmac it," said George. So they did. But not properly and George knew it too. Later Thomas was travelling home on the same line. He was pulling trucks filled with vegetables. The signalman had forgotten to warn his driver about the crossing. "That's nice. We don't need to stop," said Thomas happily. "Yes we do," called his driver, but it was too late. Next day, Percy told Gordon all about George. "Huh!" snorted Gordon, "You're just a small engine. That's why he's rude to you. He wouldn't cause me any trouble."

George had been taken to some yards to work as he was chuffing about Duck arrived with a train of empty trucks. George was blocking his way and a truck was stuck on the main line. "Let me through," demanded Duck. "I'm too busy. You'll just have to wait." "There's no time to wait. I must clear my trucks from the mainline to let Gordon through."

"Pah!" said George, "Then he'll have to wait too,"

Duck's driver went to complain to the stationmaster, but the signalman had already switched the points and set the signal to allow Gordon to speed through. His passengers were singing his praises and he was making express time. "I'm the greatest, just watch me fly by." he whistled long and loud as he approached the station. Suddenly he saw a truck on the line ahead, "Get out of my way!" but the truck wouldn't move.

Until Gordon forced it. By accident. Gordon was worried that The Fat Controller would be cross he was but not with Gordon. "Whoever caused this disturbance will have me to answer too."

And he did a few days later. "Look who's here." Said Thomas. George had been found out by The Fat Controller and punished he looked miserable. "Now we'll get some peace at last." said Percy,

"I want to get rolling again. But I've got to wait a whole week till I do."

"And then you'll be just as rude as ever. ey George." I hope not. don't you?

Baa!

In summer, The Island of Sodor gleams in the sun and every station is filled with flowers. Percy had been working at the docks all day and was tired of the smell of fish. "Phew, come on Percy," he said his driver, "Time to go home." "Please sir, Can I have a wash down first?" "Sorry Percy, there isn't time The Fat Controller is waiting for us at the sheds."

"There is to be a festival of flowers,"

announced The Fat Controller.

"This sign saying Best Dressed Station will be awarded to the winner. Please help with the arrangements."

The engines were excited. "My favourite station is for Ffarquhar," said Thomas "Mine's Maithwaite," said Toby "Percy, what's yours?" Percy was too tired to think probably. "The docks," he murmured. "Huh," sniffed Thomas. "We can tell," Toby laughed. "The docks are full of fish, not flowers." All right then Arlesdale End," said Percy. "That's my home," replied Toby. "That's why I like it. Especially when you're there. I'm not here saying I'm silly. Good night."

Next morning Percy was proud to be sparkling again. His train of trucks were being loaded with vegetables and flowers. "These are for Maithwaite," said this driver, "They'll display them on the platform." On the way, Percy saw Harold, "Why is Harold fussing about?" he puffed. "I haven't time for a race today." "What's that?" said his driver. "Why bless me. It's a Ram." "Now we'll be late. I should have known that Harold was trying to tell us something." "I've got just the ticket to get him off the track," cried the fireman "food." He found some cabbage leaves the Ram chomped happily away.

"Please can we go now?"

When Percy arrived at the station, his driver told the stationmaster what had happened. "I've heard about this Ram, he's always hungry." A little while later the station was decked with flowers. "Maithwaite will definitely win first prize," decided Percy. He left his coaches and went to a siding where no one could see him. "Time for a snooze," he thought, but it wasn't. "We better see what all that noise is about," said this driver, Percy was shocked. Flowers, fruit and vegetables were scattered everywhere. "It's that Ram he's made a meal of the station too," Then there was trouble. "We can't get into the waiting room," the passengers cried. "Why not?" asked the stationmaster. "The Ram won't let us," everyone looked at the Ram and the Ram looked at them. "He's not alone," exclaimed Percy's driver, "Let us out please," begged the boys, "We're very sorry." "Well look at that," said the stationmaster. "The boys are our culprits not the Ram." He was just making sure they did no more damage. "We thought it would be fun, but it wasn't will have put everything back."

A few days later, The Fat Controller invited some of the engines to Maithwaite. Winner of the Best Dressed Station award. "I'm sorry Toby," whispered Percy. "You made the right choice." Then The Fat Controller made an announcement

"There is one more prize for our good friend the Ram. Here it is. I'll eat my hat if you don't like it."

Then Harold landed, The wind from his blades blew The Fat Controller's hat off.

"Well," said The Fat Controller. "Seems I wouldn't be able to eat my hat even if I had to."

Everyone laughed and the only sound from the Ram was a contented hiccup.

Put Upon Percy

Percy puffed grumpily into the yards, he was feeling put upon on said so. "I feel put upon," he complained to Thomas. Thomas was confused, "Put upon what? the rails?" "No, Put upon with too much work driver says he is too." "Put upon, what a silly saying," replied Thomas, but Annie and Clarabel liked it. And when Thomas took them away they sang about it.

"Percy has been put upon, Put upon put upon, Percy been put upon, Poor old Percy."

"Tee hee hee hee hee,"

Percy is being pushed upon "I am I am, I am."

He collected metal from the foundry, Coal from the yards, Flour from the mills, Rock from the quarries, and fuel from the depot. Then he delivered it all to the docks. Next, he collected some empty trucks. "Who's this dirty little engine?" cried the trucks, "We want Thomas or Duck," Percy ignored them, "Put upon put upon, that's what I am."

That night. All the engines laughed at them, "We can see what's been put upon you," said Thomas.

"Silence. Percy, you've done a good day's work. Now get a good night's rest,"

said The Fat Controller. "Yes sir Thank you sir."

Next morning he took some trucks to the coal yards. Then he had to push empty trucks to the mineshaft. When he arrived there was trouble. The foreman spoke to his driver. "The trucks are stuck on the mechanism. All they need is a good shove." "We'll do it right away." Percy shunted back to where a large canvas barrier was used to protect his line from loose rocks. Percy charged at the line of trucks too fast and too hard. "Oh no!" gasped Percy. The trucks broke free, but ran out of control to the mines below. "On on, faster faster," the silly trucks yelled. Then there was trouble again.

"Get out of here fast, the mines collapsing." "We'll just have to make a run for it Percy." "There's going to be an avalanche," wailed Percy, And he was right. Worse still the track he was on began to crumble. Then he remembered something he had seen earlier. "There's a canvas barrier by the track, that might save us." They were just in time.

Percy was right, the Canvas did indeed save them, but the miners didn't know that, "The avalanche has buried an engine and its crew, we must help them immediately." When Percy had been rescued The Fat Controller spoke to his Driver and Fireman then to Percy.

"Driver told me how brave you were Percy, and I'm very proud of you, as a reward you will be repainted at the works."

"Oh thank you sir," When he returned Percy's green coke glistened in the sun. "I'm sorry we teased you Percy," said Thomas. "You were certainly Put upon by that avalanche." "Yes indeed but just look at my new coat of paint. Now. I don't mind that being Put upon me."

Toby and the Flood

It had been raining hard for weeks. Toby was feeling miserable. Everywhere was wet, wet, wet. His branch line runs through a village. The water in the river had risen with the rain. Only the great wall known as a dam was stopping the water from overflowing. Percy arrived just as Toby was about to inspect the dam for any damage. "Driver tells me it may be dangerous up there. Please be careful, Toby," said Percy. "I'll try," replied Toby bravely. Percy watched anxiously as Toby trundled away. His journey took him over a wooden bridge at the end of the village, the river surged dangerously beneath it.

Harold Helicopter was inspecting the dam as Toby arrived. "Be brave Toby," called his driver. "We have to cross to the other side," The dam did not look safe at all. Toby was very worried, and soon he knew why. "The dam's breaking up, We must warn everyone." Toby shunted back as fast as his wheels would let him.

Percy was waiting anxiously for Toby by the bridge. The river had risen so high that the bridge was in danger of collapsing. Toby arrived. "The dam's breaking up. We must find high ground." shouted Toby's driver. "Your only chance is to cross the bridge," called Percy. "It doesn't look safe to me." wailed Toby, "It's our only chance," said his driver "If the dam breaks will be done for."

Toby was halfway across the bridge when disaster struck.

"HELP!" called Toby.

"We'll follow him on our line. It needs to move further down."

As Toby's floated helplessly on the floodwaters. They passed a sign that made shudder be where the waterfall, "If we go over that waterfall we're doomed." Then they saw Harold who swoop low and shouted urgently to them.

"We're going to drop a rope to you. Attach it to yourself quickly now."

And they did to one of Toby's buffers. Just then Percy arrived. Carol free over to him.

"Catch the rope and pull Toby to safety."

Toby was safe at last. When the floods were over and the dam mended, the villagers had a big party for Toby hosted by The Fat Controller.

"You're very brave Toby."

"Thanks to Harold Sir." Toby replied. "I could never have been so brave Toby." "Oh, I'm sure you would be, but you never know till you've tried." Percy rather hope he'd never have to.

Haunted Henry

It was a moonlit night and Henry was working with Edward, The big green engine was taking a goods train to the station by the lake. "Whenever that owl hoots a mist rolls in" murmured Edward. "There's a legend that when the mists about there's a ghost about too, take care on the old line Henry." "Stupid Bird," said Henry. "Owls, Mists, Ghosts, Edward's going soft in the boiler there's no mist." But Henry was wrong. "What's that?" cried Henry. "It's an Amber lamp." murmured his driver. "That means proceed with caution." "Who's there?" no longer applied. Henry crept slowly forward. He stopped by a tree. It had a sign nail to it. "Beware of the viaduct." The driver was surprised. "No one warned us about that before and look, the signals red and the gates are closed. A-a-a, and there's a Fogman's coat, but where's its owner?" Then they saw a light move within the station building. "G-g-g, ghosts," exclaimed Henry. "Edward was right" "Something very strange is happening," said he driver. "I think it's best we go back." "So do I," agreed Henry.

By morning the mist had cleared. A workman was talking about the unsaved viaduct. "Lucky you didn't cross it last night." "Yes, but we don't know who warned us." replied Henry's driver. Later that day he spoke to Henry. "The viaduct has been repaired We can take our train back along the old line tonight." Henry didn't really want to. But when nightfall came, he was sizzling nicely. Suddenly an owl hooted and then Gordon thundered by. "Oh look, Henry spooked." said a truck and the others giggled in their silly way. "Be quiet." snapped Henry, "I'm not scared." But he was.

A little later, the fog came down. As they approached the same area, they saw the amber light again. "Here we go," said Henry's driver. Then unbeknownst to Henry the gates mysteriously closed by themselves and the signal went red. The trucks have seen all and they were spooked too. "Faster faster there's a ghost about." "Stop, Stop!" yelled Henry. A mysterious figure watched Henry go by, Ahead was a landslide blocking the line. Henry braked hard but the trucks get some of the rubble and plunged into the ravine.

Just then Henry's driver so a strange sight coming towards him. "What's that?" He said. The fireman laughed, "That's our ghost. It's Old Bailey the fogman," Old Bailey was very cross. "I tried to warn you about that viaduct. Why don't you pay attention?"

"We're sorry. we ignored your warnings," replied the driver, "Is there anything we can do to Thank you?"

"I'd like to operator that old station again, If you let me I promise I won't spook Henry."

And in a little while, Old Bailey's wish was granted

"You and your station will be really useful,"
said The Fat Controller.

"Let's here a harty thank you to the friendliest err, ghost on the island."
Everyone cheered, especially Henry who was the happiest of all.

Double Teething Troubles

Bill and Ben the Tank Engine twins work in the clay mines and quarries near Brendam docks. Their work is important but it can be hot and dirty. Sometimes this makes the twins naughty.

One morning they were feeling very naughty indeed. "That's my line of trucks." huffed Bill. "It's not it's mine." snorted Ben. "Yours is over there." "It's mine, it's not, it's mine, it's not."

The friend BoCo was worried. "Stop quarrelling you too, or the only thing you'll have left to share is... trouble." "Silly," Snapped Bill. "Silly yourself." grumbled Ben.

"Bill and Ben behave yourselves or I shall send you to your sheds," said The Fat Controller.

"It is also clear to me that we need another diesel to help out there is only one available he's new and keen to make an impression."

"If I were you." whispered BoCo "I'd get back to work right away." Meanwhile, The Fat Controller I was having doubts about his own decision.

"I hope the new diesel doesn't cause even more confusion, he's bound to have teething troubles."

And he was right. "Oh my grease and oil. I wasn't expecting that hill." "Oh! what's that?" His wheels spun then there was trouble.

BoCo came to the rescue. "Sorry," said the Diesel. "I'm all hot and bothered, got teething troubles, you know." The news soon spread down the line. "Apparently it's teething troubles." confided Thomas to Percy.

"Hey, you two. This new diesel's got toothache. Good luck." "Why does Percy wants to wish us good luck?" asked Bill. "Because he knows we'll need it. A diesel with toothache must be the worst diesel of all." Then their manager spoke to them. "You will take your load to the docks and rest there tonight. There's hard work to do tomorrow."

It was dark when the twins reached the docks. They left the trucks by the quay and scurried off to the shed. "You do look glum," sighed Duck. "It's the new diesel's fault," replied Bill. "He's got toothache." "Toothache, he's got teething troubles. That means he's new and this causes some problems. In his case, it's his cooling system."

Next morning is the twins were preparing to take a long train of trucks away. They heard an unfamiliar whistle. "Oh no, it's the new diesel." and it was "Hello. I soon sort this train out, You take the front and I'll push from behind. What fun." All went well as they set off.

Then they came to a hill. "Come on come on, push harder you silly diesel." shouted Ben, but the diesel couldn't push any harder. And then it happened. "I'm overheating again." "Oh Pah," snorted Bill. "You know what?" sighed the driver. "Let's try and finish the journey anyway. It means we'll have to pull diesel as well. Can you do it twins?" "We'll try." and they could.

That night The Fat Controller came to see them.

"Well done Bill and Ben, I've sent the new diesel back to the works. Can you manage alone?"

"Oh yes sir." "BoCo," whispered Bill. "I'm sorry. We were rude to you." "And," added Ben, "the new diesel's really quite friendly." "And you know what friends do," murmured Duck. "No what?" they asked. "They always say goodnight to each other." And so they did but they still chatted about teething troubles all night long.

Stepney Gets Lost

Stepney the Bluebell Engine works closely with his friend Rusty. One day The Fat Controller came to see him.

"Rusty tells me you're a native change show I want you to help Toby and Mavis in the quarry."

"Oh, thank you, sir" said Stepney. "Shall I be away long?"

"Just today,"

replied The Fat Controller.

"But please be careful it's east to get lost up there so be back before dark."

"We will," said the driver.

Stepney soon arrived at the quarry. "We're glad you're here to help us," said Toby. "Are those my trucks?" asked Stepney eagerly. "Only some of them. There's matters more in the sidings," replied Mavis, "The more than merrier." whistled Stepney. Stepney was really enjoying himself, the dustier he became the harder he worked. Mavis and Toby were impressed. The quarry foreman spoke to his driver. "We have a night special to take to the building sites of the new branch line. Do you want to pull the train?" "Yes please," said the driver, but he should have asked The Fat Controller first.

Night came "be careful Stepney," advised Toby. "I will and thank you for a lovely day. I do hope I can come back again." "The line can be spooky," said Mavis, "Thank you for the warning." And with that Stepney puffed away into the night.

Stepney arrived on time and made the delivery of rock and stones for the workmen. Then he set off for home. That's when the trouble began. The phone came down. "Mavis was right."

"Suddenly everything does look spooky."

"There's a signal box, and the signal light is green. Someone must have been expecting us." But they hadn't. The points have been set in the wrong direction. But Stepney didn't realise this.

"Home here we come," he thought. Then they approached an unknown area. The driver made a decision. "It's best if we rest here until the fog clears." "What are those strange sounds?" wondered Stepney. Then the fog slowly lifted. "Oh no." wailed Stepney. "We're in the scrap yards." His driver and fireman went for help. Stepney was all alone, but not alone to diesels approached.

"Got ya this time Stepney, You'll make very fine scrap indeed, buffer 'em Bert."

The Diesel's took him to the large smelter shed.

"Bye, Bye Stepney!"

said the diesel.

Stepney looked up above him was a huge grabber. "This engine's not for scrapping." shouted Stepney. That grabber wasn't listening. But just as it was about to grab hold of him. It's stopped. There stood The Fat Controller.

"It's a good thing I've chosen to visit this yard tonight, saving you from scrap is getting to be habit Stepney. Please stop it."

"Yes, sir. But I have learned something."

"What's that?"

"There's no place like home."

"And that's exactly where you're going now."

"Bluebells forever," sighed Stepney.

Toby's Discovery

One morning The Fat Controller and his grandchildren came to see Toby.

"Come on Toby, we're all gone to Seaside, We will ride in Henrietta."

"Yes, sir" said Toby Happily. They came to a small seaside station. Soon the children were playing in the sand, building a splendid castle. The Fat Controller inspected it.

"My word that's a very fine castle. Have you seen a real one like it? "

"Yes," replied the children. "It's here on the island," and they showed him a map.

"Mmm!"

pondered The Fat Controller. They met Toby at the harbour.

"Come on, we're going exploring it will be a great adventure."

Soon they were in the wildest part of the island. They stopped by a lonely signal box. "Where might you be going then?" asked the signalman.

"We're trying to find an old castle,"

replied The Fat Controller. "I know the place sir." said the signalman, "There's a small junction not too far down the line. Just switch the points."

When the fireman switch the points their adventure really began. Toby push past branches and bushes till they came to another little junction. There they saw two old signs, one read "to the castle" and the other "to the mine."

"We'll go to castle first."

Toby stopped by an old water tower. "There's the castle."

"Yes,"

replied The Fat Controller.

"And now we shall visit my mine."

Once upon a time the mine had been worked by the little engines and their lines were still in place. But now everything was very rusty and overgrown. The Fat Controller was most impressed but Toby was rather scared, he was glad when it was time to go home.

"I think the castle and the mine will make a very fine place for visitors but it will take a lot of hard work first."

"Yes, sir." said Toby nervously. The Fat Controller his plans were soon put into action, but Toby was still worried. "I'm sure there's places haunted," he said to himself. "It's our turn to stay here on guard tonight, Toby." "Oh y-yes, why not," stuttered Toby. "Beware of the ghost Toby."

Thomas said. "What ghost?" asked Toby. "The old warrior ghost, every night he lights his fire then goes hunting." "Toot toot, Goodbye" Thomas replied.

Night came. Toby looked anxiously around everything seemed rather spooky. Quite suddenly he heard a strange wheezing sound. "It's the ghost." He wailed. "What ghost?" his driver asked.

"It's the old warrior. He's come to hunt me down." "Don't be so daft." We'll go and investigate."

They returned quite soon. "The old warrior wants to meet you." laughed his fireman, "Can't wait to morning?" replied Toby. "Ghosts don't work day shifts" that is driver. Toby bravely made his way. "Well bless my bell," he explained. there in front of him was a little old engine. "This is your ghost Toby." said the signalman. "His name's really Bertram, but we call him the old warrior because he's so brave."

Bertram and Toby are now firm friends. They take the visitors to the splendid castle and the mine. If there are any ghosts here, they certainly helped to make the place very happy.

Something in the Air

One day Thomas was at the key side of a small village. The early morning catch of fish was being loaded into his trucks. The work took a long time, the fishermen were using old equipment and Thomas was worried. "I'm going to be late for Henry at the docks. He won't like this. Please hurry up and..."

Thomas was rudely interrupted.

His driver and fireman laughed "Phew." sniff Thomas "What a pong." He was glad when they were speeding along the beautiful coastal runs. As they approach the lighthouse, they saw a man waving a red flag. "What's the matter now?" "High tides are damaging the track." reported the man "I've marked the spot." "We'll go and inspect." said the driver.

"It would be dangerous for heavy engines like Henry," agreed the driver. "But for Thomas it's safe enough." The guard left a red oil lamp by the damage track to warn engines. "When we get to the docks I'll tell them to close the line."

Henry was waiting anxiously for Thomas's trucks "FWAH, your late and that smell is making me ill." "I can't help it. It's the fish," replied Thomas, "And there's danger on the rails. That's why we're late." "Huh, You're the only danger on the rails Thomas. Now stop wasting time and get your trucks hitch to my train." Thomas' driver and firemen were in the yardmaster's office when they heard Henry's whistle. There he was steaming out of the station with his long heavy train called The Flying Kipper.

"What route is Henry taking tonight?" asked the driver. "The coastal run, it's the quickest," "but I told you that's dangerous for the big engine like Henry." The yardmaster quickly found the signal. Henry roared past the signal box, "I'll soon make up for lost time." The signalman was answering the telephone but couldn't hear the warning. By the time he did. Henry was far away in a cloud of steam. But when Henry reached the coastal track, his hopes for a fast run but dashed fog floated everywhere. "I can't see," cried Henry, nor could his driver. When he could, it was too late.

As soon as the tide was high enough, Henry was craned out of the water.

"Engines don't swim Henry you were meant to deliver fish not swim with them." said The Fat Controller.

"You should know that by now."

"Yes sir. I'm sorry sir." When Henry arrived at the docks, Cranky the Crane looked down at him disdainfully.

"My my Henry. I expect you'll have some fishy tales to tell. But take my advice have a long hose down first."

"PAH!" hissed Henry, but there was worse to come. "Look," said a child. "They've caught all this fish and a green whale too," "It's not a whale. It's a monster." Henry was most upset. Thomas now felt sorry for Henry. "Come on. Your driver says it's time for a nice hot wash down, then you'll feel much better." And Henry did. "I'm sorry, I was rude to you Thomas." "Oh, that's all right. But can you smell something?" "W-W-W-What?" asked Henry nervously. "Fresh air." "Oh yes," replied Henry.

Thomas, Percy and Old Slowcoach

Thomas, Percy and James were looking at the early morning sky. "Everyone so much happier when springtime comes." said Thomas happily,

"Everyone except Fat Controller,"
grumbled James.

"He seems to be working harder than ever. I'm tired of these coastal runs."

"He just wants everything to be ready for the holidays," replied Percy. "Anyway salty air makes me all cheerful in my smoke box." "Pah," snorted James. "It's the countryside that really gets me fired up. It's the only place to be."

And he puffed away to collect his fuel trucks from the docks.

Thomas and Percy had to take some empty trucks to the scrapyard. As they were shunting their trucks into a siding they saw an old coach. She looked very sad. "What are you doing here?"

"They call me Old Slowcoach and told me I wasn't useful anymore. Now only the mice ride in me." "Well, you may be dusty but you look in perfect shape." The yard manager appeared.

"Come along I have trucks for you to take away." "Excuse me," said Percy's driver. "Can you tell us about this coach?" "Old Slowcoach? she's been here for years she'll be broken up when we find the time." he replied. The engines were most dismayed. "We'll try and help you." said Thomas, but he didn't know how.

Meanwhile James was enjoying himself. "This is the life," he chortled, but he was heading for trouble. One of the fuel trucks was leaking. And suddenly it caught fire. "HELP!" cried James. They reached the siding and his driver gave the alarm "It's fuel and it's dangerous." As Thomas and Percy approached the junction, they saw the smoke and a guard waving a red flag. "Sparks from James' funnel have set the fuel trucks ablaze." He called. "The firemen have got things under control, but it's quite a mess." "You said the countryside drunk got you all fired up, James," said Percy, but I didn't think he meant it in this way." "Pah," snorted James. "It was a stupid trucks fault, not mine." "It's safe to proceed now," call the firemen Thomas and Percy puffed slowly by, but now they felt sorry for James. It wasn't long before they reach the station. Later as they were having a long drink of the water towers, they suddenly heard a commotion. "What's the matter?" Thomas asked. "It's another fire at the workmen's hut." replied Thomas's driver, "We'd better see what we can do." The fire engines arrived but they had a big problem. "We are completely out of water." cried a fireman. "We can't use sea water because it clogs our works. We'll just have to let that building burn." Then Thomas had an idea, "Why don't you use the water in our tanks? We've just refilled them." The firemen wasted no time. "You're very clever engines." chuckled their drivers.

Soon the fire was out but the hut where the workmen live was destroyed. "We'll need to find something to house the men they can't sleep on the beach." said the foreman. "What about Old Slowcoach? she would be perfect for the workman." "Comfy too." added Thomas. "What a good idea Percy," said his driver. They phoned The Fat Controller who agreed.

"She'll be spic and span by the time you collect her."

And she was and very happy too. "I can't thank you enough." She said. "I feel splendid." The engines buffered up to her and she set off happily for a new home. Everyone agreed there was nothing old or slow about coach, and she will always be really useful indeed.

Thomas and the Rumours

Thomas the Tank Engine loves his branch line.

One day when he stopped at a small station, some children look sad. "They've closed our playground and our favourite sandpit." "Teacher said the sand the soil and too dirty to play in."

"Please help us Thomas." They pleaded. "I'll see what I can do," replied Thomas kindly.

Thomas hoped things weren't quite as bad as the children and made them out to be. But as he passed their playground a large sign read "Playground closed until further notice." "The children were right," thought Thomas sadly. He puffed into the yards and was just about to tell the other engines about the playground when Percy rushed in. "You look glum little Percy What's up?" Asked Gordon. "The Fat Controller told driver that he's using Harold to show a special visitor the island, instead of using any of us engines." "Despicable," said Gordon. "Disgusting," snorted Henry. "Engines are meant to take special visitors round our island. Not that Whirly bird thing." James exclaimed.

Gordon was the first to see Harold. "Harold thinks he can go faster than me. I'll show him." Next it was Henry's turn. "The Fat Controller has chosen Harold because he thinks he's more important than me while he's not Harold, calm flight through tunnels."

Percy stopped by a signal on his branch line near a field where sheep are grazing. Harold hovered for a while then buzzed away. "I know what he's doing," said personally "He's counting sheep," and he puffed along his line feeling much better about things.

That evening the engines talked about the situation. "Harold wants to get rid of us," said Gordon grimly. "He doesn't need tunnels." added Henry. "Don't worry. He's just counting sheep." said Percy. "Counting sheep. Pah!" snorted Gordon, "He's counting how many engines he can get rid of. He'll see how useful I am tomorrow." Thomas wanted to mention the children's playground, but solving the mystery of Harold and a special visitor came first.

The next day Gordon was travelling to collect his train. "We'll show that whirlybird just how fast you can go Gordon." said he's driver. Because they were watching Harold they missed a signal and went on to the wrong line. Gordon was travelling to trouble ahead was a tunnel under repair. His driver reduce steam and brake hard.

But it was too late. Later Thomas pulled Gordon clear with the breakdown train, The Fat Controller spoke severely to Gordon's driver about the accident. "Will Gordon be scrapped sir?" asked Thomas sadly.

"What makes you think that?"

said The Fat Controller, Thomas decided to pluck up courage. "Because the engines think a special visitor is here to see if we can be replaced by Harold." he replied. The Fat Controller laughed

"Ho Ho, Well the engines were wrong then you shouldn't listen to rumours Thomas. This gentleman is making a new playground for the children. It was easier to find a suitable sight from up in the air."

"And what's more," said the special visitor, "That tunnel sand will be perfect for the playground, found by accident and rumour, you might say." The Fat Controller still uses Harold to fly above the island. But all the engines know that Harold isn't spying on them. He is in his way, just being very useful.

Oliver's Find

Oliver and his break van Toad like working in the big yard. But one morning Toad notice that Oliver was unhappy, he decided to find out why.

"Excuse me, Mr. Oliver, it seems to me that things are not well with you, if you forgive me for mentioning it."

"You're quite right Toad," replied Oliver. "All I do is shunt these trucks onto the turntable. I longed for a nice run. It's an engine really needs."

"Quite so Mr. Oliver, may I suggest that you speak to The Fat Controller about your problems?"

Oliver just grew unhappier. And he was rough with the trucks. "You're no good Oliver, you're dangerous, We want Percy" "Pah, Percy's far too busy to be bothered but the likes of you." and he bumped into trucks hard. "You silly engine," shouted a workman. "It'll take a long time to repair this turntable which will cause confusion and delay."

That night The Fat Controller came to see Oliver in his shed.

"Oliver, you have caused confusion. I thought you could control trucks u shall work the mail train for a while maybe the night air will clear your smoke box."

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir," said Oliver sadly. "Cheer up, old chap." said his driver "The mail train run is a grand run for a fine engine like you." Oliver smiled, but he still felt he'd let everyone down. His driver took them along the coastal run with the mail train. The sea was calm and the fresh air couldn't help but brighten Oliver's spirits.

They made good speed until it was time to collect some important mail from Harold the Helicopter. "Come on Harold." They waited and waited. At last Harold landed.

"Sorry I'm late Great Western, had a bit of a problem with one of my arms kept letting me down when I was meant to be up. You know how it is."

said Harold. "We know that we'll be late for our first run," replied Oliver's driver. Soon they were on their way again. Ahead was a red signal light. Oliver didn't realise that the signalman had dozed off waiting for them. Oliver whistled several times but the signal stayed red. "There must be something wrong but that signal, we'll go slowly and stop by the signal box," said his driver. But they never reached it. The points before the signal box was switched to an old track. They were going the wrong way. Oliver's fireman was concerned. "We need to find a water tower soon." Instead, they saw an old rundown station. disaster lay ahead.

Meanwhile, The Fat Controller was very worried.

"Oliver has not returned, We'd better send out a search party."

Soon he was high in the sky with Harold.

"There they are."

"It wasn't Oliver's fault." sighed the driver.

"I'm aware of that. I'm just glad you are all safe."

Then he saw something. It was an empty old house beside the station. He went to inspect it. When he returned he spoke to Oliver.

"Oliver, you have found another attraction for our island, We'll make this house as good as new and visitors can come and have Tea and Crumpets there."

"Mmm," sighed Oliver happily. "Getting lost can be interesting but being found is much nicer, especially when it makes an engine feel really useful."

Happy Ever After

The engines on the Island of Sodor love holiday time. Percy was taking some trucks to the docks. Terence the Tractor was working in a field close to the line. "Hello, Percy. Nice day for it, isn't it?" Percy was confused, "Err, mm nice day for what?" "Mrs. Kyndley's daughter is getting married today." "Oh, yes, of course," said Percy.

But when Percy saw Mrs. Kyndley she was standing by her gate waving a red flag. "What's the matter?" asked the driver? "I forgotten about the good luck package for the bride." Percy was puzzled. "Err, What's a good luck package?" "It must contain something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue. Can you help please?" Percy didn't know how. But his driver was determined. "We'll certainly try."

Percy had to stop at Edward's station to take on water. "We've got to find a good luck package. Do you know what it is?" asked Percy. "Oh, yes indeed something old something new..."

"Something borrowed and something blue," Percy cut in. "But where do we find them?" Edward smiled, "They're probably staring you in your smoke box. Now, if you will. Excuse me, I have to fetch my special train. I'm taking guests to the wedding.

When Percy arrived at the docks a lot all around him. Suddenly he saw a truck. It was loaded with a new set of shiny buffers. "Look Look, there's something new!" "You're quite right Percy," said his driver, "Those buffers are just the ticket, I'll speak to the foreman." He returned shortly, "Foreman said we can use them and borrow the truck as well. So that's two things we found something borrowed and something new." "B-B-But what about the other things?" "I'm sure we'll find them too. Now we best be on our way."

Soon they reach Tidmouth Hault, As Percy was shunting some old trucks into a siding he heard a voice, "Hello Percy." There was Old Slow Coach, who he and Thomas had rescued from scrap, "Your it," squeaked Percy. "I'm what it?" said the coach. "The something old, for the wedding." And Percy explained. "Now, we only have to find something blue, but what and where?" "You'll see," said his driver. Percy's unusual train was on its way.

At last they reached the village where the wedding was to take place ahead was an old engine shed. "What do you think of this Percy," laughed his driver. "Well Bust my Boiler. Thomas, what are you doing here?" "I'm the something blue," replied Thomas. "Now Percy," said his driver, "Mrs. Kyndley's chosen you to be her special guest."

When the bride and groom left the church for the party, The Fat Controller addressed everybody.

"Ladies and gentlemen, may I present the good luck package. something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue, all found by Percy and his crew."

The engines were sold and everyone cheered. "Thank you Thomas, and thank you Percy," said the bride. "It's the best Good luck package ever." And she kissed Percy. Thomas laughed as Percy blushed bright red.

"I love weddings." whispered Percy that night. "Did you like your kiss?" replied Thomas. But Percy was embarrassed and pretended to be asleep.

Sir Topham Hatt's Holiday

One day The Fat Controller arranged with Thomas the Tank Engine to take his wife and grandchildren to the seaside. The sun shone on everywhere look splendid. But Lady Hatt was feeling hot and tired. She took her troubles out on Annie and Clarabel. "Those coaches are old and uncomfortable. Why don't you use them as beach huts instead?" Thomas was most upset. "You won't let them turn Annie and Clarabel into beach huts, will you?" "Of course not Thomas," replied his driver, "But I must admit they could be smartened up."

The next day. The Fat Controller used Percy to take his family to Harold's airfield. They were just about to board Harold when it happened.

"What was that?"

gasped The Fat Controller.

"That's Tiger Moth."

rumbled Harold.

"It's rude and flies much too low."

"So I can see please take us up Harold before there's another disturbance."

A few days later Harold arrived at the holiday home with bad news. "It's Tiger Moth," said Harold's pilot, "It's gone missing. Do you wish to join the search with us."

"I think are better."

"There's Tiger Moth."

called The Fat Controller. Then he spoke to the pilot.

"You were showing off and flying dangerously, I will speak to your controller and request that you are grounded."

"Yes, sir," replied the pilot.

"Now if you will excuse me I shall return my holiday."

"Jolly good idea sir." The Fat Controller had arranged to meet up with Toby and Henrietta to take them somewhere special. They arrived at a small river inlet, "What a beautiful boat," exclaimed the children,

"It's my special treat."

The Fat Controller took the helm with his wife beside him.

"It's so nice to be away from the railway for once,"

he said to her, "and far cleaner," she replied. But life on the river is very different from that on the rails.

The family were enjoying themselves so much that they forgot to watch where they were going.

"Botheration." said The Fat Controller. "We're stuck." And they were. Other boats trying to pull them off the mud bank but it was no use. Percy saw the commotion and stopped. "Is there anything we can do to help?" call his driver.

"Yes indeed there is." replied The Fat Controller. "This is the life, isn't it dear?" Soon they arrived at a small station. There was Thomas with Annie and Clarabel, who were looking as smart as their new paint inside and out. "My!" exclaimed Lady Hatt. "What splendend coaches, so much more suitable than those old beach huts on wheels." No one said a word.

But that evening Annie and Clarabel spoke to Thomas. "It's very nice to get compliments, but no matter what we look like we'll always be useful won't we Thomas." "Of course." their friend replied.

A Surprise for Percy

Percy was working in the coal mines. He was feeling bored and lonely with only the silly trucks for company. "Cheer up Percy," said his driver. "The Fat Controller has told me that we must be here again tomorrow. We've just got to make the best of a bad situation." "I'll try sir," sighed Percy. Next morning proceed puff back to the coal mines. When he arrived the truck started teasing him.

"Percy Percy green on small, He's no use to us at all, Around the yards he'll puff and blow, But on the hills he's oh so slow,"

"Be quiet." Then he took the trucks to the coal hopper to be loaded up. Percy still felt glum, but said nothing as he puffed up the steep incline to the yards at the top of the hill. He parked his trucks and then set off back down to the mines. Not even the cheerful sight of Bertie the Bus could bring a smile to Percy's face. "What's the matter Percy?" asked Bertie. "Nothing exciting ever happens that's the matter," sighed Percy. "It's just coal, coal, coal and trucks, trucks trucks. I'm bored, bored bored." "Excitement is surprising," observed Bertie. "You never know when it'll happen, otherwise it wouldn't be exciting, tootle peep." "It would be surprising if something surprising happened," muttered Percy. Later he stopped by the water tower for a drink. "Hello Percy, How are things?" asked Toby. "Boring," replied Percy. "Well, why not have a few fast spins on the turntable? You'll like that." Said Toby. "I think I'll just feel giddy." Percy's driver interrupted. "Stop gossiping you two, Cheer up Percy. You'll soon know more about trucks than any other engine." "That'll be exciting," called Toby. The trucks were still rumbling and it was more of them than ever. "You're much too small to pull all of us we want another engine or we'll be struggling up the hill all night" "All night all right you can puff and blow, but on that hill you're still too slow." "S-S-S-Slow yourself." stuttered Percy. "Temper, temper." giggled the trucks. Percy decided just to carry on.

"Go to it Percy," shouted the driver as they started to climb the hill. The trucks was still joking. "Too slow, more power, here all night, tomorrow too," "Be quiet," said Percy angrily. Then there was trouble. A coupling broke. "Surprise surprise, catch us I can." "Oh no." cried Percy. Percy's driver told The signalman on the yard form and told The Fat Controller what was happening. "They're heading for the big hill. It will slow them down but they may roll back again, right into the village." said the foreman.

"Then we'll just after stop them won't we."

said Sir Topham Hatt firmly. The Chase was on.

As they approach the hill they overtook the trucks. The Fat Controller and Bertie screeched to a halt and waited for them near the top. The Hill slowed the trucks right down to a standstill. Then the men quickly put wooden blocks behind their wheels so they couldn't roll backwards. Their trucks were now secured. Just then Percy arrived. "Well what did you think of that?" joked Bertie. "A good Chase is always exciting." "It certainly was a surprise." decided Percy, "And you were right Bertie, a really useful engine should never be surprised by surprise."

Make Someone Happy

It was holiday time on the Island of Sodor. All the engines were working hard and happily. Except for James.

"Why should a splendid engine like me take messy coal trucks instead of coaches? Percy or Oliver should do it. They're not as important as I am."

Thomas was cross, "James, why don't you think about something or someone else for a change? You'll be surprised at how much better you'll feel if you do"

"Pah,"

snorted James,

"Being important is the only thing for me to think about."

And he puffed away in a cloud of steam.

"That plane's making a great deal of noise about something." said Percy to Oliver. "His name is Tiger Moth," replied Oliver, "And it's flying around telling everyone about the fair that's arriving today." "What are you two doing here?" "The Fat Controller wants us to pick up a very special load from the harbour." "And I think it's got something to do with the fair." added Percy. Then they puffed away.

Meanwhile, James was collecting quarry trucks from the yard.

"Dustier and Dustier."

he grumbled. Then he saw his friend Mrs. Kyndley.

"She looks miserable."

"What's the matter?" asked James' driver.

"My sister has rang her tell me she can't come to stay with me. I was so looking forward to her visit." The Fat Controller soon her the sad news.

"We must cheer her up, send Harold the Helicopter to pick her up immediately.

A few minutes later, there was a surprise for Mrs. Kyndley. "All present and correct," called Harold. "I'm here on a flying visit, hurry about Mrs. Kyndley and fly the sky with me. compliments of The Fat Controller." "Ooh how lovely." "Harold's made my red paint dustier then ever." muttered James but he was happy for Mrs. Kyndley. Soon she was flying high in Harold. "I've never seen the island like this before. It's wonderful,"

she said. Meanwhile, Percy and Oliver had arrived at the docks, Cranky the Crane was unloading an old tramp steamer.

"Hey, you too. I'm playing lucky dip in the tramper's hold, and all of these of you."

"Wooden horses," Percy explained, "For the carousel ride. It's going to be a very exciting fair."

"It is indeed," whistle James. "The Fat Controller has ordered me to stop pulling coal trucks and go to the station instead. Something to do with Mrs. Kyndley, Goodbye." "What do you think of that?" gasped Percy. Mrs. Kyndley was waiting for James with The Fat Controller.

"Now this is your very special treat. James will take you on a mystery ride and I shall meet you at your destination." James took Mrs Kyndley along her favourite coastal route to Tidmouth Bay. When he arrived there it was dark, a big surprise awaited Mrs. Kyndley. "Ooh," she cried, "You've brought me to the fairground How lovely." Best of all The Fat Controller invited her to make the announcement. "I declare this fairground open." The sidestalls lit up and Mrs. Kyndley had the first ride on the carousel. "You were quite right Thomas." James whispered. "Making someone happy just cheer you up." Then together they watched the fun of the fair.

Busy Going Backwards

Toad the brake van was feeling sad. Everywhere he looked he could see engines and coaches moving steadily forwards. They all looked confident and cheerful.

One day he decided to talk to Oliver, the Great Western Engine.

"I'm always going backwards Mr. Oliver, I have forward thinking views. I could be a leader if you know what I mean."

"You can't be a leader without a train to follow you. You don't have a train," Gordon said. Toad felt sadder still, Oliver wanted to help. "You're a very useful brake van Toad. You help me break and you keep my trucks in order when we go down hills."

"I know Mr. Oliver, but it would be so exciting to go forwards with a change instead of always seeing things sliding away from me."

The trucks will cross with Toad. "Who's he to start complaining, he's lucky to be able to look after us, let's teach them a lesson."

The trucks decided to carry out that plan when they reached Gordon's Hill. When they were nearly at the top they played their tricks, "Ready, Steady, Go!" said the trucks and they jerked at a coupling which broke.

"We're making your wish come true Toad. Follow the Leader!" yelled the trucks. Toad was still in a state of shock so didn't know what to think. And he couldn't ask the guard. He had jumped clear.

"Faster faster as fast as you want!" screamed the trucks.

Suddenly Toad found all rather fun, but the fun was soon over. A crossing lay ahead and the gates were closed Toad couldn't stop. Worse still Toad now realised he was on the wrong track. There ahead was Gordon. the signalman changed the points just in time. "On, On ,Faster!" cried the trucks.

Suddenly he saw James pulling a long slow train. "YIKES!" "Help save me." A quick thinking shunter did just in time.

"What was that?"

exclaimed James. The signalman warned the station master at the next station. "There's a runaway coming." "We'll send them into the sidings." "Help, Help!" called Toad again. Toad saw some buffers. "Those will stop me," but the points of the buffers weren't set. "Oh no, I'm back on the mainline."

Meanwhile, Oliver was racing to the rescue. "I must catch Toad. I must." Toad sped past Henry. More danger lay ahead. Men were working on a bridge but they had been warned about the runaway Toad and his trucks. They diverted him onto old sidings straight into a muddy pool.

"Ooh, Stopped at last."

Oliver arrived and when he saw Toad he could only smile. "A pond's the only place for a Toad I suppose." That night Toad spoke to Oliver.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Oliver if I've ever caused you any embarrassment."

"That's all right Toad. So what did you think of going forwards?"

"It was fun, but from now on, I'll be happy to look forward to the future. Busy going backwards, so to speak."

Duncan Gets Spooked

The little engines were busy clearing their railway of leaves and broken branches. Peter Sam and Rusty often work together. One day Rusty helped Peter Sam to a water tower. And once there whistled Goodbye. Peter Sam felt much better after his long drink but the trucks were bored. "Let's break away." they giggled. Their loads were heavy and the coupling's old, one snapped. "Faster, Faster!" shouted the trucks, a sign read "Slow, steep bends and ravine ahead," but the silly trucks never saw it. Then it was too late.

Peter Sam arrived at the scene of the disaster. His driver sighed, "this was our fault we didn't secure them properly. We'll have to get help to pull them out. The Fat Controller will be very annoyed." And he was.

"You will shunt trucks in the yard till I can trust you again."

Duncan was delighted with Peter Sam's dilemma,

"Fancy not securing your trucks on a hill. They'll come back to spook you and your special funnel." "Woo- Woo-Woo."

"And who's to say that you're not afraid of ghosts." snapped Rusty.

"Pah, Ghosts, things that go bump in the night, Rubbish."

"Well, I'll tell you a story that will make your funnel quiver." Rusty said.

A long time ago, a little engine was returning home. It was a misty moonlit night. As the engine crossed the old iron bridge he suddenly lost control and plunged over the side into the swamps below. He was never found again. But many workmen will tell you that when the moon is full they have seen the little engine trying to get home but he never reaches the other side.

"So what do you think of that, Duncan?"

"Pah, nonsense."

replied Duncan and he puffed away.

"Never mind him, Peter Sam. He'd be frightened that he really saw a ghost." This gave Peter Sam's driver an idea. "Let's play a trick on Duncan." The next day he spoke to Duncan's driver and fireman who agreed. "Will do it tonight." They said. Duncan had to take coal trucks to the slate mines and then bring slate trucks back. Duncan's driver decided as part of the plan to cross the old iron bridge.

"Haunted bridge, Pah." snorted Duncan. "It's as tame as a pet rabbit." But all the same He kept thinking about Rusty's story. When dusk fell, he was keen to leave.

"If we don't go now. Skarloey will take my favourite place and the sheds."

"We can't go back until we've collected all the trucks," his driver replied. He could see the plan was working because Duncan was nervous.

When night fell, they set off. The moon was full, and the mists were rising around the old iron bridge. Duncan whistled, and the sound echoed everywhere.

Then ahead he saw flickering lights. His driver knew they were only little insects that shine brightly at night. But to Duncan, they look like an engine. Next, his driver secretly threw a rock from the cab into the ravine below. "It's the ghost, take me back, take me back. please!"

When Duncan reached the safety of his shed he closed his eyes tightly "Spooked are ya Duncan." laughed his driver, "NO!" wailed Duncan. "I'm asleep." and refused to open his eyes. He did when he thought his driver wasn't looking, just to make sure that he was still there.

Rusty and the Boulder

On the island of Sodor high up in the mountains was a mysterious Boulder. It has stood alone for a long time. But one day workmen arrived to build a quarry on the land below. Rusty the little diesel met Thomas and Percy. "Where's all this rock coming from?" Percy asked. "The new quarry," replied Rusty. "This mountain rock is good for many things, although it's dangerous up there." "Why?" asked Thomas. "Because of a big boulder. I think it's watching me," said Rusty nervously. "How can it be, Boulders don't have eyes." "That's as maybe, Percy. But there's something strange about this one." Just then, Edward arrived he was delivering a new piece of machinery for the quarry. "What's that?" asked Rusty. "It's called Thumper. Apparently it helps collect the rock faster," replied Edward. Soon Thumper was working hard. The men were pleased. But no one bothered to check the Boulder.

When it rained, the workmen went away. Rusty gazed up and shivered above stood Boulder. Suddenly, a large slab of rock landed on the rails, Rusty was shocked. Driver was concerned. "We'd best leave till the weather's better. The rain loosen some of this rock," he said. "I think it's Boulder wanting us to go away," whispered Rusty.

The next day the sun shone, the quarry was filled with mole machines. Suddenly, Rusty notice something. "Boulder's moving." Don't be so daft, it can't," said Rusty's driver, but it could.

"It's rolling along the line."

"We'll stop here until Boulder passes by" said Rusty's driver. But Boulder was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly, "Oh no, it's behind us." Just ahead they saw a small junction, one line went uphill. Boulder thundered past.

Meanwhile, Skarloey was making his way up to the quarry. Then he saw Boulder. "YIKES!" Boulder was catching up to them fast, but they veered into a siding. "We must warn the yards," shouted Skarloey. "Yes, but how?" called Rusty.

Boulder rounded a bend on there ahead was Rheneas. "It's running loose!" yelled Rheneas, his driver drove him back as fast as he could "YIKES!"

"Rather a smash then a squash," sighed his driver. At the yards Percy he was collecting trucks. Then he heard Boulder. "Oh no, it's heading straight for me."

When the Fat Controller inspected the damage he decided to close the mind. Then he looked at Boulder.

"We should have left this part of the island alone,"

he said thoughtfully. They moved Boulder to a hill close by the yards. Rusty is sure that on a clear night it is gazing up at the mountain and that it's size are being carried on the wind to where it wants us to stand, proud and silent. I wonder if Rusty is right. Don't you?

Snow

It was winter on the Island of Sodor. The snow covered fields and railway lines. All the engines were hard at work except Percy. "Come on Percy. This isn't time to have a rest." "I'm stuck," moaned Percy, "And my funnel's freezing up driver's sent for help." "Pah!" huffed Thomas and went on his way.

Later Thomas had to help clear snow by a tunnel, but it was too deep and he got stuck. Thomas was very cross, "Snow is nothing but trouble." he moaned. Rusty was close by "Driver says that this winter is just about as bad as the worst winter of all." "How worst?" asked Thomas. "I'll tell you," replied Rusty, and the little engine did.

Skarloey was working the lines to the slate mines in the mountains. When the snow came, it was difficult to work. The use the snow as a double buffer zone to help stop trucks skidding through to the ravine. One day Skarloey set off to the mines with some empty trucks.

Meanwhile, there was trouble with the mine. The winch that holds the trucks up and down wasn't working properly. Skarloey had reached the ravine. High above him were the mine yards. "That's snow looks dangerous." said his driver. "The sound of your engine and the trucks could cause an avalanche. I'll set off an emergency cap and see what happens." Skarloey watched as his driver prepared it. Then they ran over the cap. "The bang echoed round the gorge." Nothing happened. "Good." said his driver. "All's well. We'll have a cup of cocoa and then make our way."

But high above them all was not well, a long line of full trucks was about to be winched down the slope. They had just started the journey when some empty trucks became derailed. The winch groaned, "Break it, Snap it!" shouted the trucks and they did. "On on on, Faster faster!" they giggled. "The snowbank and buffers will stop them." said a workman, but he was wrong. The trucks plunged into the ravine.

Skarloey and his driver heard the noise and looked up. "Avalanche!" they cried.

When the snow plume cleared there was no sign of Skarloey, He was buried deep inside the high drift blocking the ravine. "And then came the funny part." "What's the funny part about an avalanche?" asked Thomas. "Well,"

No one knew that the heat from Skarloey's engine had helped to make an igloo. "It's a snowball." "It's a small house." "It's an engine." They cleared away the ices only to find Skarloey's driver and fireman drinking cocoa as if nothing had happened. "Luckily for them, but it just goes to show you can't trust trucks." "Or snow." said Rusty. The men had just cleared the snow away from him when Gordon passed by with his machine. "Hey, look out there's snow about." laughed Gordon. He stopped by the tunnel and weeshed loudly, then it happened. "UH, UUH!"

"Help!" cried Gordon. "If Skarloey survived a snowfall and laughed, surely a big proud engine like you can do the same." chuckled Thomas. "PAH." moaned Gordon, and then fell as silent as the snow.

